

Spals, opening to me in bubbling fountains
 approach lower step.

Going down the valley, you have the eternal grey
 towers of Rolleston Castle on your left.

Four great-towers there were at the four corners of
 the castle besides two smaller ones back front.
 But like the great-castles of the North, this
 suffered for the king in the Civil War. It was
 bravely held by Yorkshire cavaliers during a
 long siege; & when they were reduced to eat
 their horses, they made terms with the enemy,
 marched out - to Doncaster, to bring them
 the garrison there. But the fire of the enemy
 had so injured one of the towers that it
 suddenly fell to the ground a few years after
 the siege.

This great-castle of the fourteenth century is
 one of the most perfect of the houses of its date
 in England. No. any houses, because it was
 not simply a castle, or fortified keep, but a
 great baronial residence: it had only one
 entrance was surrounded by a very high
 wall for its protection. At the present time
 the two great halls of the castle have neither
 roof nor floor, nothing but the bare walls; the
 rooms in the towers are occupied by families
 of cottagers.

Rev. de Witt -

head.

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Down the valley
An easy walky from Bolton Castle to the top of the
Leyburn Shale - a name which is also, you
curiously, you have never heard of a Shale before in
this corner, & wonders what it is like. Leyburn
Shale is a very noble natural terrace, fully
a mile long, sloping down suddenly to the
valley. Its steep side picturesquely wooded.
It is, in fact, the edge of the long ridge from
which the shale in Wharfedale, but it is flat
as a brook's green, & finely carpeted with greenward
& fringed with trees & brushwood, while beneath
this smooth flower-strewn platform is a
mass of barren rocks.

From any point of this finely contrasted natural
promenade you get a view not to be forgotten.
A view ~~not~~ to gladden your thoughts
on ~~any~~ a dismal day when in smoky city
on sick-bed, in busy workshop, in memory
flash ^{upon you} a sudden vision of Wharfedale.
~~before the eye of your mind~~. Thus it lies
the wide, beautiful, fertile glorious valley, thick
with corn crops & green crops ^{rich} & ~~fringed with trees~~
green with meadows & copses & scattered trees,
with the river in the greenest dip. To your
right are the stately towers of Bolton Castle.
Not below you ^{amidst rich plantations} is Bolton Hall, the present
residence of the Lords of Bolton; half hidden
amongst trees is Kettleby, oldest village of the
dale, with a quaint old church therein are many
^{remains} of the Scopes; and, on a bare hill-top on the
other side of the river are the ruins of Middleham Castle.
Side behind you, in the direction of Bolton Castle, the dark
moor stretches away and levels & before you beyond the valley, are
again the long hills & the high hills.

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When the eldest of the York cousins was crowned as King Edward IV, Warwick who had helped him to the throne expected that he would choose his beautiful cousin Isabel as his queen. Instead he married a fair widow lady, an Elizabeth Woodville whose relations were made much of at court to the annoyance of the powerful King's uncles. Therefore Warwick gave Isabel to his another cousin, George of Clarence, Edward's brother. They were married at Calais without the King's leave. Edward did not forgive this slight & by degrees Warwick & Clarence became disgusted with the state of affairs.

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affairs at home. But the whole family took ship for France, when Queen Margaret was in shells with her son the prince of Wales, the heir of the house of Lancaster - a most promising prince, brave, handsome & well educated. Again herewith purpose to make a Queen of his daughter, not Isabel this time but his second daughter Anne. She is to marry the young prince Edward at once, she being seventeen & he nineteen; & Warwick undertakes to recover the kingdom for the imperial house of Lancaster.

The young pair spent a few happy months in each other's company between the August of 1440, when they were married, & the May of 1441, when the fatal battle of Tewkesbury was fought, the Lancastrians defeated, & the young prince murdered in the presence of Edward IV - some say by ^{the king's} own hand. And now, for nearly half a year after the murder of her husband, the young widow remained in hiding. She, her mother, & her mother-in-law were all regarded as traitors, & were only safe in "sanctuary" - that is, under the protection of some religious house which had the right to shelter evil criminals from the officers of the law.

At last her cousin, Richard of Gloucester, found out the retreat of the Princess Anne, & placed her under the care of her uncle George, the Archbishop of York. In 1443 he married her at Westminster, probably much against her will, for, a few months later, an act of parliament is passed providing that Richard should keep his wife's ^{real} ~~personal~~ property if she should desert him.

The next year we see Edward in town & Middleham Castle when the other Duke of Gloucester lives for the most part, for he is warden of the northern marches. Queen of Warwick spent the next few years happily.

rough handling her little son in her ^{own} early home. In
Richard's household both at Huddersham and outside,
may still be seen of small matters for the little boy,
5s. for a feather for my lord's penance. 2d. for mending
his shoes &c. &c.

The death of Edward IV changes all this. Anne arrives in London to be crowned with her husband, when son Edward is created Prince of Wales. Then follows the dark story of the murder of the Prince in the tower, of which it is probable the Queen knew much less than we do. Later, the court arrives at York, where the King & Queen are again crowned, when Richard, speaking of his son, says "Whose singular virtues & endowments produce, therein (his young age considered) he is remarkably favoured, & produced by the favour of God, that he will make an honest man." After the coronation in York Cathedral, Queen Anne walked in grand procession through the streets of the city holding her little son by the hand, he wearing the smaller crown appointed for the heir of England.

England.
Her intercession in the North recalls the King &
Queen to London & they leave their son in the
North for his greater security. And during her
parents' absence the young prince died at
Middleham castle, (aged two) in some sudden
~~mysterious~~
~~and fatal~~ way - we are not told how. After that his
mother pined; the bright ones had gone out of her
life. She died within a year after the death of her
son. It was rumored that her husband poisoned
her, but that was little more than all the world could see
that she was dying. There is no mention touching
meant connected with Middleham than that
the bright child's life again in the dark background)
This father is really Caroten. Perhaps it was because
his son died he did so much. He, perhaps, became his "father"
and a good thing, I believe, he was even called a "good man."
But then - wonder if you, Richard II., were popular in Ireland.